

Sterling, George  
The evanescent city

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1915





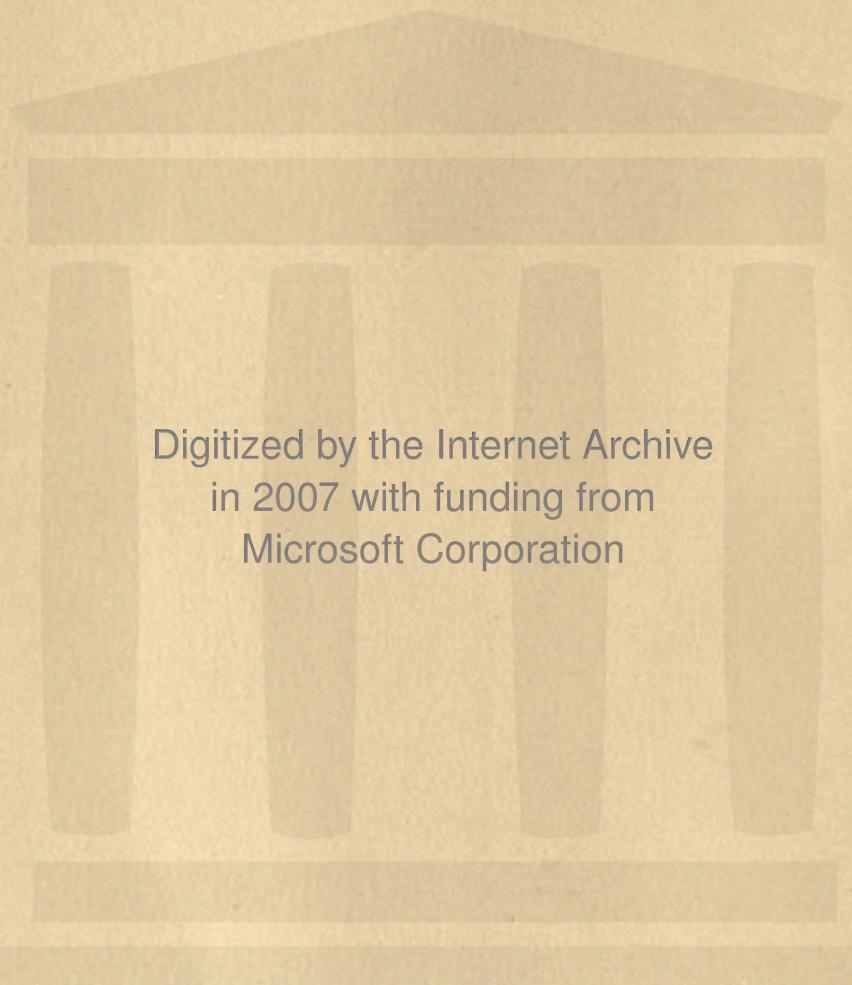
THE  
EVANESCENT  
CITY

GEORGE STERLING  
FRANCIS BRUGUIERE

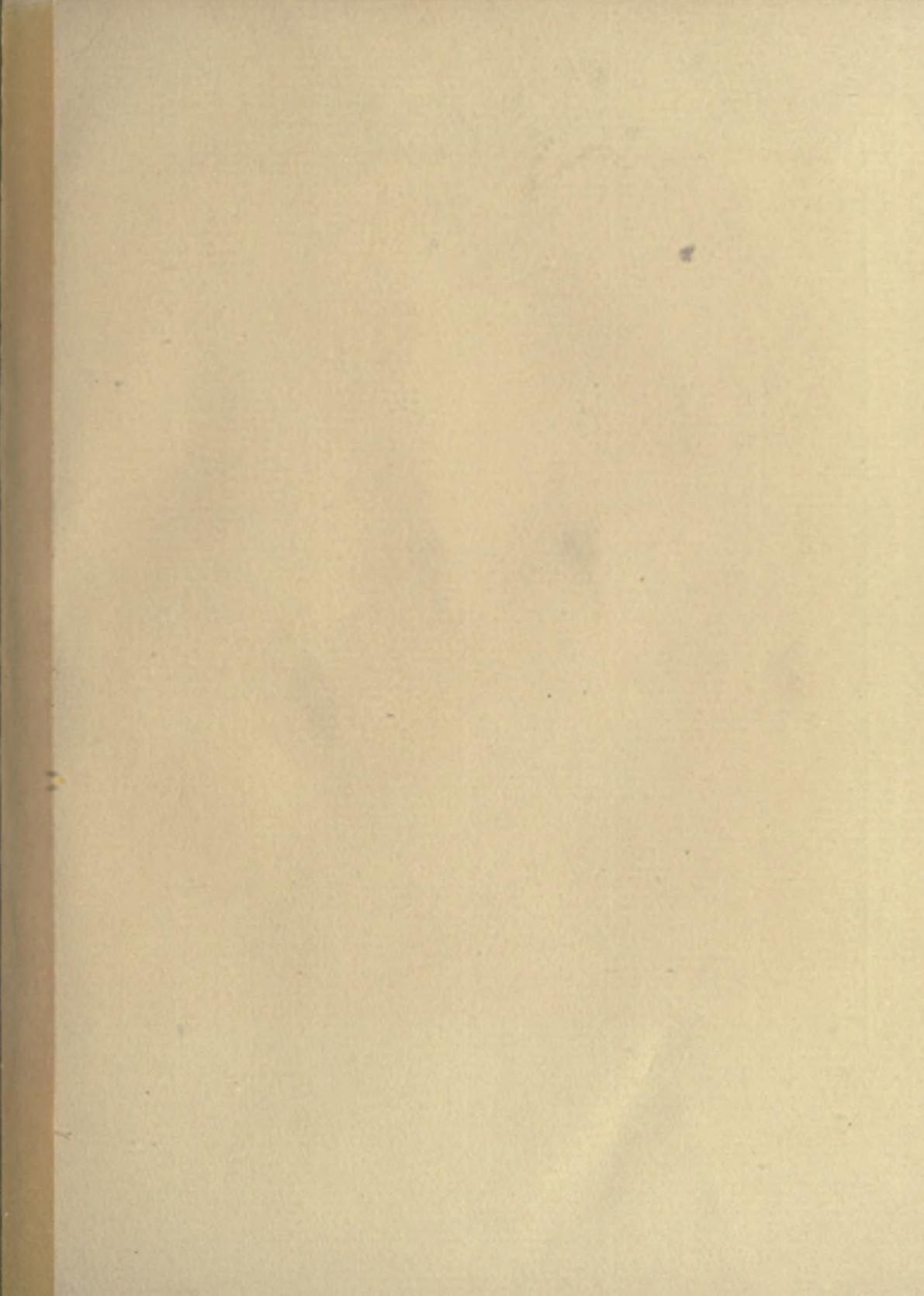


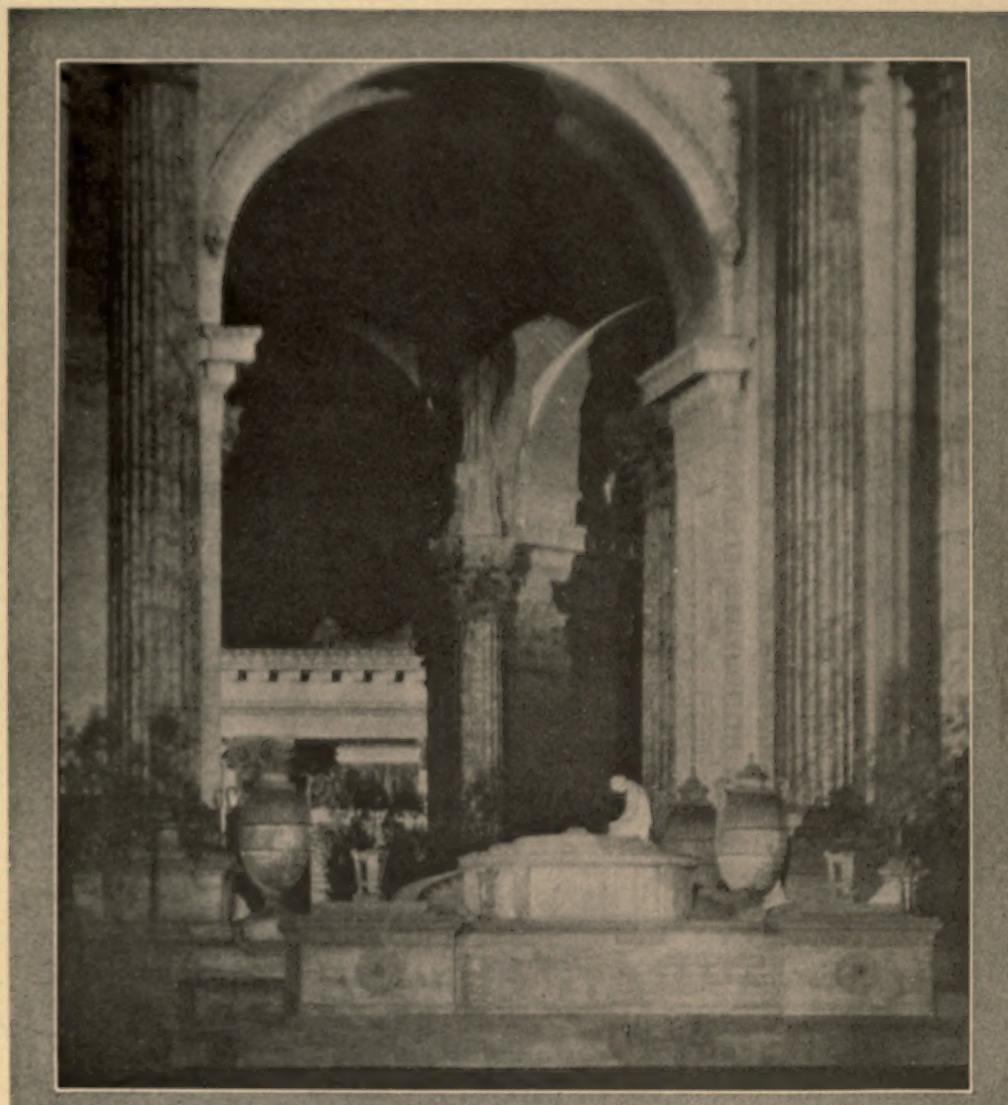
First ed.

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THE  
EVANESCENT  
CITY

by

GEORGE STERLING

With Nine Illustrations after Photographs  
by

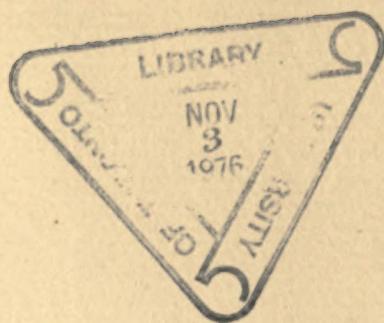
FRANCIS BRUGUIERE

And

A Cover in Color after the Painting by  
WILL SPARKS

SAN FRANCISCO  
A. M. ROBERTSON  
1915

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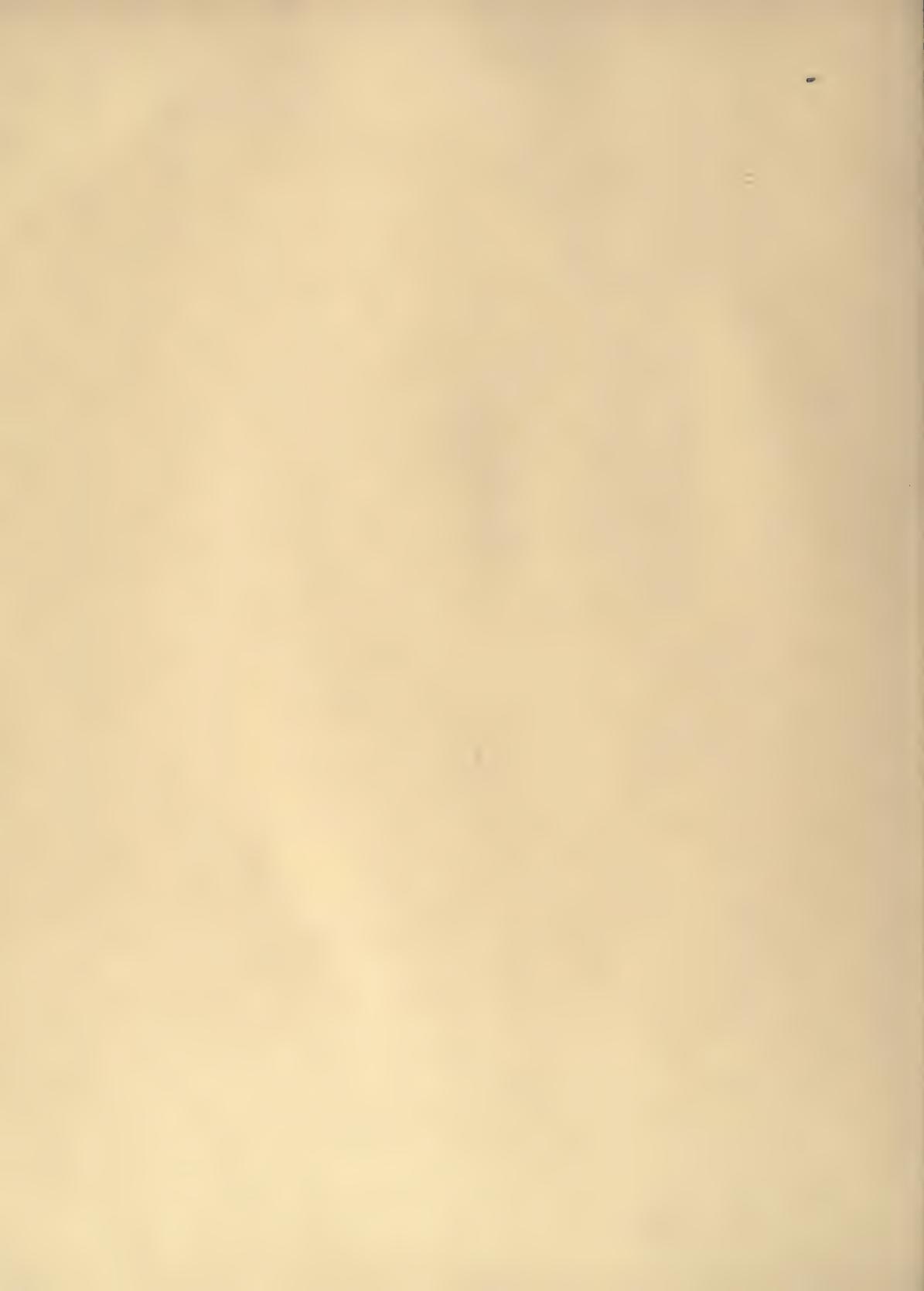


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Printed by Taylor & Taylor, San Francisco

### *Note:*

This poem, commemorative of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, with its accompanying illustrations after photographs by Francis Bruguiere, first appeared in *Sunset Magazine*, to whose Editors the Publisher is indebted for permission to reprint it in the present form. The illustration on the cover, after the painting by Will Sparks, has not been published heretofore.



THE EVANESCENT CITY



THE EVANESCENT CITY

*G*REAT on the west, ere darkness crush her domes,

*Wine-red the city of the sunset lies.*

*Below her courts the mournful ocean foams;*

*Above, no foam of cloud is in the skies.*

THE EVANESCENT CITY

Awhile I stand, a dreamer by the deep,  
And watch the winds of evening sap her walls,  
Till ashen armies to the ramparts sweep  
And seas of shadow storm the gleaming halls.

PALACE OF  
HORTICULTURE



THE EVANESCENT CITY

*So dies that far magnificence of light,  
A conquered splendor on a crumbling pyre,  
'Mid fall of crimson temples from their height  
And ruined altars yielding up their fire.*

WATER SPIRIT  
BY  
LEO LENTELLI



THE EVANESCENT CITY

*So fades that city, one with all that finds  
The nameless road that Beauty takes at last—  
One with her dust upon the twilight winds  
And all her music mingling with the Past.*

COLONNADE:  
COURT OF THE UNIVERSE



THE EVANESCENT CITY

*“Farewell!” I whisper low—then thrill to see,  
Unseen till now, eternal and afar,  
Soul of dead day and pledge of peace to be,  
The tranquil silver of the evening star. . . .*

DOORWAY;  
PALACE OF MACHINERY



THE EVANESCENT CITY

And even thus our city of a year  
Must pass like those the shafted sunsets build,  
Fleeting as all fair things and, fleeting, dear—  
A rainbow fallen and an anthem stilled.

DOORWAY:  
PALACE OF VARIED INDUSTRIES



THE EVANESCENT CITY

*A rainbow fallen—but within the soul*

*Its deep indubitable iris burns;*

*An anthem stilled—yet for its ghostly goal*

*The incommunicable music yearns.*

COLUMNS AND LAGOON:  
PALACE OF FINE ARTS



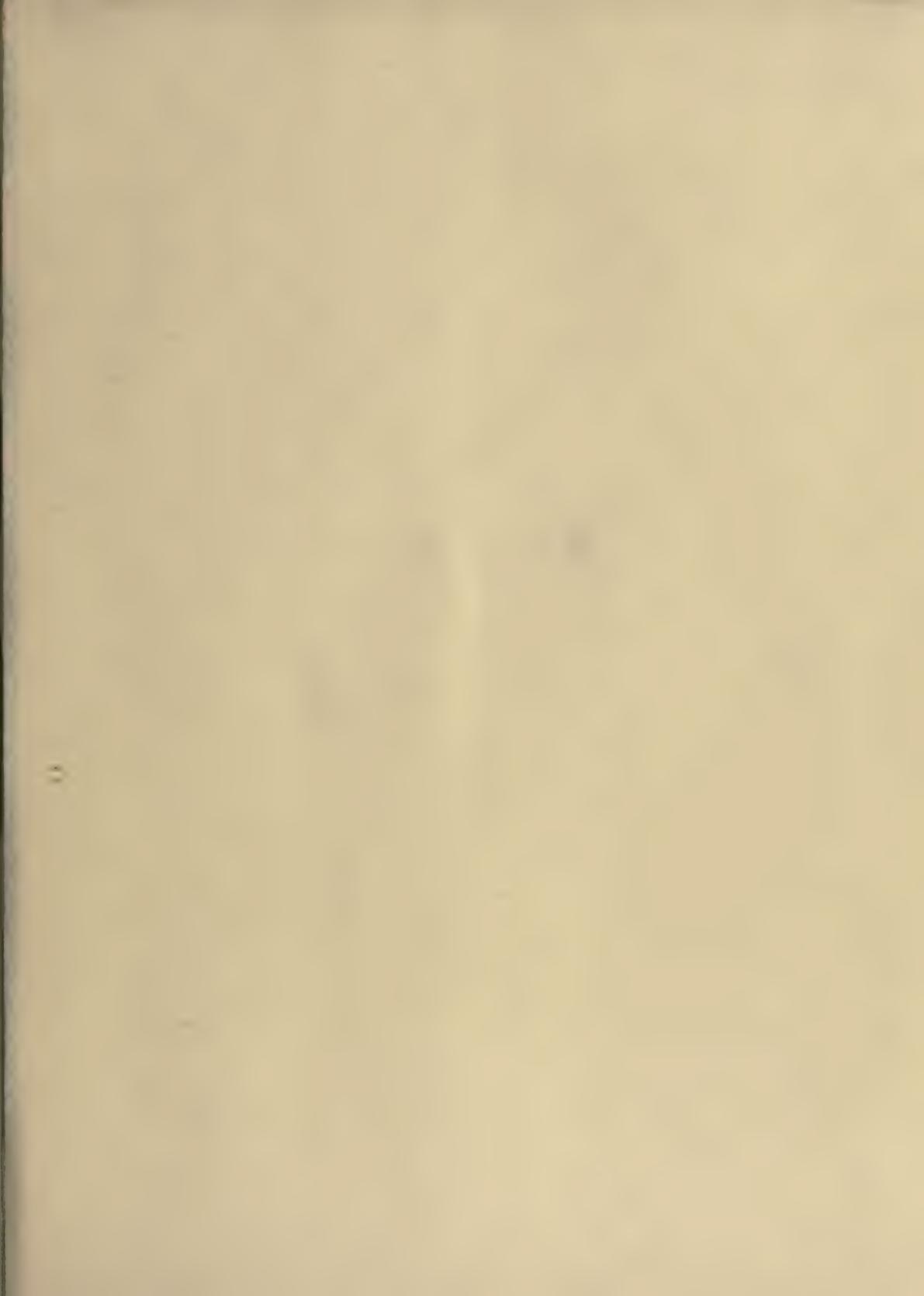
THE EVANESCENT CITY

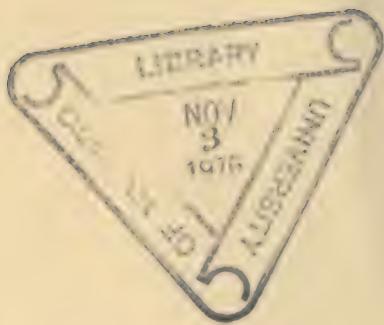
Only for Beauty's passing shall we trace  
The heavenly pathway that her feet have trod;  
Only at her departure seek her face—  
We that shall find it not this side of God.

COLUMNS AND ROTUNDA:  
PALACE OF FINE ARTS



THE END









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